

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 475.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

DOWN TO DERBY.

ONE day in October, after a stay of a week or two in the metropolis, I set off on my expedition homewards; that is to say, to perform a journey of four hundred miles by the best of all modes of transit—railway and coach. Many prefer steaming it by sea. I don't. There is always something to amuse one in a land journey, provided you keep your eyes and ears open to passing circumstances—anecdotes told by gossiping companions—the spectacle of rising industry in out-of-the-way villages—the odds and ends of observations on inns, horses, new cuts of road, and newly-invented patent axles and linch-pins—the hurry-scurry of half-dressed postmasters, roused from bed by the shrill blast of the guard's bugle, which proclaims, as plainly as words could speak, "Hurl forth the bags on the instant, or the vengeance of the postmaster-general be upon you!"—the occasional dropping by the driver on the road of parcels of town-made finery, and his catching up in exchange trusses of fresh salmon, game, presents from country cousins—all these, and fifty other sights and over-hearings, act as so many prompters to take a land instead of a sea route, although the latter has also its powerful recommendations, if the weather be at all tolerable.

Well, then, I was once more packed on board a first-class from Euston Square; and we were off and had perforated Primrose Hill, before the inmates had got a right view of each other's countenances. It was my good fortune to have two companions of opposite temperaments—one at ease and chatty, and the other a dreadful fidget, who having spent I do not know how long in seeing a black portmanteau stowed away on the roof, darted out his neck at every stopping-place to watch that it had not escaped from its moorings.

"I am afraid you are a good deal troubled with your luggage, sir," said the chatty to the fidgetty man, as we stopped for a moment somewhere about Boxmoor.

"Oh no; only I like to keep an eye on my things," answered the fidgetty man. "The fact is, sir, I have been one way and another very much put about by the straying of my luggage; and if it were not absolute necessity, I believe I should travel to the end of the world with nothing but the clothes on my back."

"Indeed!" said the chatty man, in a half-commiserating half-inquiring tone, which induced the fidgetty man, as the vehicle started forward, to give us a little insight into his history.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "I have, from no blame of my own, been a complete victim to the loss of baggage; and on two occasions in particular, the pleasure of what would otherwise have been very delightful jaunts, was utterly spoiled. About ten years ago, when a younger man than now, we made up a party, three of us, all to travel on the continent: we proposed to pass through Flanders—see Rubens's pictures at Antwerp, you know—visit Waterloo—go on to the Hague and Amsterdam—then up the Rhine to Germany and Switzerland—and from Geneva through France and home again. Well, I got I dare say twenty introductory letters to first-rate people—the Lascelles of Brussels, the Hopes of Amsterdam, Schlegel at Bonn, Buttman of Berlin, and so forth—a peppering here and there all over our route. Before setting out, I studied French night and day for three months, and, to tell you the truth, spared no pains to ensure a very agreeable jaunt.

Every thing was at first most auspicious. Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp, and a few other places, were ransacked, and we arrived safely at Brussels. It was a Saturday night, I remember, just in the darkening, that our conveyance drove up to the door of the Hotel de l'Europe, a magnificent house at the corner of the great square. In three minutes our party were individually located in as many bedrooms, and in three minutes more we were down stairs in the saloon at dinner. Now, mark the catastrophe. My portmanteau had been placed on a chair in my bedroom, never unstrapped, and there it lay, very properly and demurely, ready for use. We went to the theatre—saw a splendid operatic piece in French, *Robert le Diable*—came home, and went to our bedrooms as a matter of course. Having pulled off my boots, and all that kind of thing, I looked round, with the view of taking some articles from the roof of my trunk, but no trunk was to be seen. Curious, thought I to myself—where can it be? I looked all over the room, beneath the bed, up the chimney, every where; but no—it was gone, vanished, clean off. I forget whether there are any bells in the houses there or not, but I know I went to the immense staircase that you might drive a mail-coach up almost, and there bawled for somebody to come and give an account of my portmanteau—*malle*, as they call it over there. In less time than I can mention, there was a pretty considerable uproar all over the establishment, and the words *malle*, *malle*, were repeated from twenty tongues above and below, in tones of anxious inquiry. At length, a light dawned upon the point. A gentleman, a stranger in the inn, had gone off in the diligence, about ten minutes after our arrival; a *malle*, thought to be his, had been carried down stairs, and placed carefully in the vehicle along with him, and that *malle*, as you may suppose, was my poor innocent portmanteau, which was now gone upon its travels. To be sure, the gentleman's *malle* was left instead; but what satisfaction was that to me?"

"Merciful heavens!" here interposed the chatty man, "I never heard of such a horrible case in all my life. Did you not instantly take a post-chaise and four and go after your baggage, or did you not threaten to raise an action of damages? A jury would have sympathised—I am certain they would."

"Why, you see, sir," said the unfortunate portmanteau-loser, continuing his narrative, "it was of no use to make a clamour about what was evidently a pure accident. I spoke of some one going off in pursuit of the diligence, but that only showed my ignorance of the country. It was twelve o'clock at night; no one could stir without a passport from the commissary of police, and he would not be visible till next morning: then, granting I was at liberty to go, a post-chaise was out of the question; they have not got such a thing in that part of the world, and to make the matter worse, no one was sure whether the gentleman had gone off in the Namur or the Lisle diligence; in short, it was a shockingly awkward business, and all tried to console me by saying that the stranger gentleman would certainly discover the mistake in a day or two, and send back the wrong for the right baggage. In the meanwhile, the landlord promised to do his best to discover his track, as soon as he could get the police put on the right scent. With these shreds of comfort, I retired to bed for the night.

Next day, mine host dispatched letters to different points to intercept the progress of the vagrant *malle*: it was all in vain. I had him before the police, and he was regularly bound over to restore the value; but still that was small comfort to me. All my walking and dining-out clothes, clean shirts, and every thing,

were gone. I had nothing left but an old surtout and a pair of plaid trousers. My letters of introduction, pocket-book of bank notes—all were lost. It was enough to drive a saint mad. The weather, as if in spite, was beautiful, and my companions could not be expected to wait any great length of time for me. They of course got me a few things, and would have shared purses with me, but I could not think of either detaining them or burdening them with my expenses, which, indeed, would have hampered all three. So off they went, leaving me oppressed, sick, and dispirited. I must tell you that it is no joke to attempt to get into good society in Brussels without introductions. So many scamps go there from England, that the people are dreadfully shy of strangers, and will no more invite a man without an introductory letter into their house than they would a mad dog. However, gentlemen, I need not weary you with all the shifts and vexations to which I was subjected. My friends, who had much less time to spare than I, departed on their journey, and, after spending a week at Brussels and its neighbourhood the best way I could, and still hearing nothing of my trunk, I came home."

"And did you never recover it?" said the chatty man.

"Yes, but not till I had been six months at home. The luckless *malle* had travelled over three quarters of Europe and part of Asia, I believe, before the gentleman on whom it had been imposed could find an opportunity of revisiting Brussels and exchanging it for his own. After all, you have no idea what a bother I had in getting hold of it, even when brought to the shores of its own country, for it had not been entered in the cargo, and was considered contraband. I thought I should have to petition parliament about it, or something of that sort; however, I managed the matter at last. One evening, a sailor hove in sight with it upon his shoulder, and being admitted, I found my long lost portmanteau at rest in the lobby, with all the children around it. On its being opened, I found that nothing in it had ever been touched—all was safe; and so there ends the history of my first great misfortune in travelling."

The fidgetty man finished the pathetic narrative of the loss of his portmanteau just as the train swept abreast of the luncheon station on the line, where he had an opportunity of satisfying himself, by personal inspection, that all was as it should be on the roof. The train having once more set off at a bounding rate, the chatty man observed, that "really the story he had heard was quite frightful, and hoped that the other instance of baggage-straying was much less serious."

"Why, as for that," answered our fidgetty friend, good humouredly, "it was not such a bad business; still it was bad enough. Three years ago, or thereabouts, I had occasion to be over in Dublin for a few days, and remembering the annoyance of losing my portmanteau, I this time only took a carpet-bag, which I was resolved, if possible, should not go out of my sight on the journey. At length the time came for my departure for England, and we—that is, my bag and myself—got into a first-class on the railway for Kingston, designing to cross to Liverpool in a steamer, which was to set off the moment the train arrived. It was ten at night, and there were only visible a few stars, whose light faintly dispelled the darkness, and shone upon the tranquil Bay of Dublin as our vehicles were swept rapidly along its margin. I was alone, all but my bag, which occupied a seat in front. Now, thought I to myself, how happy a person might be if he could always travel in this manner, with

his baggage by his side—no fear of its being abstracted by guards, porters, or other meddlesome rogues. The idea of such security was quite pleasing; and, what with the satisfaction of mind, the fatigue I had endured in walking about during the day, and the motion of the train, I dropped into a sort of easy slumber, not exactly a sleep, for I retained a consciousness of my situation, and was ready to dart out the instant we should arrive at the quay, with all my wits about me. While in this state, the train stopped—a man bawled something to the passengers—and out I darted like a shot. Next moment I turned to draw forth my travelling companion, but already the magical words ‘*all right*’ had been sounded, and the whole was off with the speed of lightning. ‘Where is the train going to?’ says I to the man, who was standing close at hand. ‘Did not you call out that this was Kingston! I want to get my luggage to go to the boat.’ ‘The boat!’ answered the man; ‘why this is the station at Blackrock—Kingston is three miles off.’ On receiving this terrific announcement, I flew after the train as fast as legs could carry me, guided by the red cinders which had been dropped by the locomotive on the line, for I could scarcely otherwise see the way; and, expiring with fatigue, I reached Kingston, just in time to hear the steamer ploughing her way in the open sea, about a hundred yards from the harbour—my luggage on board, as a matter of course, as I found all the vehicles empty.”

“Upon my word,” observed the chatty man, sympathizingly, “you have been singularly unlucky; I should certainly have gone mad with vexation if served so. But what did you do next?”

“Why, I had no help for it but to return to Dublin for the night, with the returning train, and wait for the next packet. Unfortunately, there was no steamer for Liverpool for two days, and I was obliged to take the mail boat for Holyhead. Having landed there, I posted on through Cheshire to Liverpool, where, I am glad to say, I found my vagrant carpet-bag, safe in the custody of the steam-packet company. I cannot describe how pleased I was to see it again in my hands, and I took it home almost like a dog in a chain, in dread of another escapade. From that day to this, I have not met with any other accident in that way; but these misfortunes have impressed me with a horror of encountering such dilemmas, and I almost dread—holla! what are you about there, my good fellow!” suddenly cried out our fidgetty friend, on perceiving one of the guards clambering like a cat to the roof of the carriage. “See that you don’t meddle with that black portmanteau with the white straps!”—Ere he had finished his exclamations, the train was brought to a pause at Hampton, where the party was broken up, some being carried on to Birmingham, and others, of whom I happened to be one, to Derby.

The approach to Derby now-a-days, realises infinitely greater wonders than those of the famous ram which is said to have been seen one market-day in the olden time. The mutual station of the Birmingham and Derby Junction and North Midland railways, comprising a vast shed supported on iron pillars, workshops, engine-houses, and offices, extends a length of upwards of a thousand feet, and its interior exhibits a singularly busy spectacle. Trains coming in and going out, shrill screaming of whistles, the hissing of volumes of steam, and the numerous clumps of vehicles belonging to different companies on the complex offset lines—all serve to convey an impressive idea of the magnitude of the concern. The station occupies an open and commodious site in the flatish and fertile vale of the River Derwent; and a short way up the gentle slope, in a southerly direction, stands the ancient but now considerably modernised town of Derby—

—“the pride of Derwent’s bank,
Where undulating hills their verdant slopes
Luxuriant spread; with lucid brooks between,
Flowing through wood and coppice. Southward stood
The castle, with extensive walls and towers,
And lofty battlements o’er most and mound,
Which from the rapid river’s parted stream
(There where it breaks in lakes the subject mead),
Extended, and embraced the western heights.”

Derby, like most other English towns, is built of brick, and in its irregular lines of streets, both in the interior and outskirts, there is little to admire or attract attention. Although one of the largest seats of manufacture, it has upon the whole less of a smoky and dirty hue than many places of similar character. Lying on the face of a spreading upland, and environed by lines of suburban villas, fields, and gardens, the situation may be considered among the most pleasant and salubrious in England, besides offering considerable scope for ornamental improvement. The town, as may be known, is the capital of a shire distinguished for its industrial pursuits and picturesque beauty. Within its mountainous scenery lie entombed vast beds of iron-stone, lead ore, coal, various kinds of alabaster, marble, and clay—all which materials are industriously excavated and subjected to their appropriate manufacture. The shire lately contained twenty blast furnaces and iron-works, in which are produced an immense quantity and weight of articles—cast-iron bridges, roofings, pillars, tubes, steam-engines, and other machinery. Besides the foundries, there are nine or ten iron forges for making malleable iron; and I may mention, in brief, that nail factories, copper and lead works, marble, brick, tile, spar, and tobacco pipe works, are in the list of manufactories of raw

native produce. But this is only half what is accomplished in the district. Derbyshire, though lying in the centre of England, far from the sea, has within the last hundred years become a most important seat of manufacture for materials of foreign growth—woollen, linen, silk, and cotton, and for which considerable facility is offered by the abundance of coal, machinery, and water-power. The rise of these great branches of manufacture, however, resembles the growth of successful industry every where else; it is traceable to a spirit of enterprise and ingenuity among isolated individuals, whose perseverance has led the way to universal prosperity. With the adjacent county of Nottingham, the shire has long been celebrated for its manufacture of silk, worsted, and cotton stockings, in which are engaged seven or eight thousand persons. The introduction of the stocking-frame led to machines for making lace or bobbin-net. There are about forty lace manufactories in Derbyshire, employing eight hundred persons, besides from three to four thousand females, who figure the net when it is taken from the loom. Such is the effect of competition and skill, that a piece of net which at one time sold at a guinea, may now be purchased for a shilling or eighteenpence.

The most extraordinary instance of ingenuity and zeal in introducing a lucrative branch of industry, was that which is related of an enterprising young man of good family, named John Lombe, who, about the year 1715, resolved to bring from Italy to England the knowledge required for setting up a mill to throw and prepare silk in the most approved manner. The dangers attending this adventure were very great. The Italians had long exclusively possessed the knowledge of the craft, and supported their monopoly by excessively severe laws. It was part of their enactments, that for strangers who discovered, or attempted to discover, any thing relating to the art of silk-spinning, the punishment should be death, accompanied with indignities to the person. Young Lombe was not deterred by these penalties: he went to Italy, and contrived to be taken several times in different disguises to see the silk mills in operation. These visits were not enough, as they were made in a hurried manner; and he at last, by ingratiating himself with a priest, was recommended to the master of the works, and engaged as a boy to superintend a spinning-engine. By appearing in the meanest attire, no suspicion was excited as to his real intentions, and he was allowed to sleep in the mill. Of sleep, however, he took very little. Secretly providing himself with matches and a dark lantern, he stealthily visited all parts of the mill, and took drawings of every important part of the machinery. His drawings were, by agents with whom he privately corresponded, dispatched to England in bales of silk; and, having accomplished his design, he hastily went on board an English vessel about to set sail for his native country. His sudden disappearance excited suspicions, and an Italian brig was dispatched in pursuit; but, fortunately for him, it failed in coming up with the retreating vessel, which got safely to England. A short time after young Lombe’s arrival, he, with the assistance of his brother, Sir Thomas Lombe, a silk-merchant in London, commenced erecting the famous silk-mill at Derby. It is lamentable to add, in concluding this rapid sketch of Mr Lombe’s career, that he did not live to see his mill in operation, being prematurely cut off by death, and, as is generally reported, from the effects of a slow poison, administered by a person employed for the purpose by his enemies in Italy. Under his brother’s auspices, the mill was established about the year 1725, and formed a model for others in different parts of England. Without entering into the question of whether young Lombe’s conduct in furtively acquiring possession of a valuable secret was consistent with correct moral principle, it is indisputable that he deserves to be ranked along with the Arkwrights, Watts, and other benefactors of their country.

My design in stopping at Derby for a day in passing northward, was less for the purpose of seeing some of its manufacturing establishments, than the arboretum which about a month before had been munificently gifted to the town by Mr Joseph Strutt. As the forenoon was fine, I lost no time in seeking out and visiting this interesting piece of pleasure-ground, which lies in an easterly direction from the town, in what I should call rather an obscure situation, among some gardens, not easily discoverable by a stranger. The principal entrance is ornamented with a handsome stone cottage, in the Elizabethan style, as a residence for the keeper; and here, on paying a fee of 6d., we were admitted into the interior. The extent of the ground is eleven acres, and, considering its long, narrow, and irregular shape, it possesses a neat and tasteful appearance, highly creditable to its planner, Mr Loudon, the celebrated artist in practical landscape. The surface, which is flat, with a very gentle inclination from the north-east to the south-west, has been laid out in what is called the modern English style of gardening, in which a large portion is in smooth green sward, with culturable spots, belts, and angular pieces, planted with trees and shrubs suitable to the climate. Lengthwise and crosswise, there is a main pathway, of considerable breadth, and also a walk around, following the sinuosities of the ground, but sheltered by trees of some years’ growth; and at different points there are handsome open summer-houses, and also seats at intervals on the walks. With the view of disguising the boundaries of the ground, and to conceal the persons walking in the side from those

in the centre walks, undulating mounds have been raised, varying in height from seven to ten feet; and these grassy and shrubby banks, with the irregular outlines of the taller trees, help to give a natural appearance to the scene. The collection of plants includes some of a flowering kind, but its principal merit consists in being an assortment of foreign and indigenous trees and shrubs, classed or grouped together according to the natural method, to the extent of about a thousand species and varieties. As the name, genera, and species of each plant are indicated on brick labels stuck in the earth beside it, and as a descriptive catalogue drawn up by Mr Loudon may be obtained on the premises, the visitor has an opportunity of acquiring a good deal of botanical knowledge in a very easy and amusing way.

The arboretum having been only in its infancy at the period of my short visit, it would be presumptuous for me to pass any opinion on its probable value for scientific recreation; but it cannot admit of a doubt, that as a place of delightful and healthful resort to the people of Derby, it is one of the finest things of the kind in England. The newspapers having months ago made widely known the circumstance of its presentation to the municipality of Derby by Mr Strutt, a wealthy and much-respected citizen, it may appear useless again to call attention to the subject. As it is so rare, however, for opulent individuals to give away large endowments for the public benefit during life—the more common plan being for donors to bequeath at death what they can no longer make any use of—I cannot but judge Mr Strutt as deserving of more than all common forms of public applause. On the 16th of September last, the arboretum was conveyed by deed of gift to certain trustees for the public use, and for reasons which will be best understood from an extract from Mr Strutt’s address delivered on the occasion:—

“That there has of late been a rapid increase in the trade and population of the town of Derby, is a fact which cannot have escaped the observation of the members of this body, who have been selected by the inhabitants to watch over their local interests. Manufactures have been extending, new buildings have been erected on all sides; and a still farther addition to the commercial importance of the town may be expected, in consequence of the completion of three new railways, which, by their junction at this place, offer great facilities for our intercourse with other parts of the kingdom, and render Derby an important centre of communication. Whilst these works have been in progress, the improvement of the town has not been neglected; and I should only have to refer to the recent improvements in our streets and public buildings, to the establishment of our efficient police, and to the almost unexampled success which has attended our Mechanics’ Institution, if I wished to give instances of the adoption of measures for promoting the convenience, the good order, and the instruction of our population. But whilst means have been so creditably taken for these important objects, no provision has been made for supplying a scarcely less urgent want of the inhabitants of a large and increasing town—the opportunity of enjoying, with their families, exercise and recreation in the fresh air, in public walks and grounds devoted to that purpose.

I have observed with great pleasure, that this subject has of late attracted the attention of parliament, and that in all enclosure bills it is required that an open space shall be reserved for the exercise and recreation of the neighbouring population. In this town we have no waste land which can be appropriated to such a purpose, with the exception of Chester Green. If this piece of land were properly drained and levelled, and if some alteration were made in the turnpike road which passes through it, it might be converted into a place admirably suited for athletic sports and pastimes; and I earnestly hope that it may soon be thus appropriated to the public. [Mr Strutt here paused for a few moments, being overcome with the intensity of his feelings, during which he was enthusiastically cheered.]

With a view of further promoting the same objects, I have determined to appropriate a piece of land on the opposite side of the town, containing nearly eleven acres, for the purpose of public walks for the recreation of the inhabitants. Being desirous of uniting, as much as possible, information with amusement, I have been anxious not only that these walks should be laid out in the most advantageous manner, but that they should comprise a valuable collection of trees and shrubs, so arranged and described as to offer the means of instruction to visitors. These objects have been most ably and successfully accomplished by that distinguished landscape-gardener, Mr Loudon, who entered largely and liberally into my views, and furnished the plan which has since been executed under his superintendence, and that of his able and excellent assistant and pupil, Mr Rauch.

Having thus prepared this piece of land for the intended purpose, I have given it the name of THE ARBORETUM, and I have vested it in the following trustees:—[Here Mr Strutt named the trustees, and detailed the conditions on which it was freely assigned.] I have purposely omitted any endowment to keep the arboretum in order, as I know by experience that I shall best provide for its future preservation by intrusting it to those who will enjoy and profit by it, and who will take an interest in its permanence. It has often been made a reproach to our country, that

in England collections of works of art, and exhibitions for instruction or amusement, cannot, without danger of injury, be thrown open to the public. If any ground for such a reproach still remains, I am convinced that it can be removed only by greater liberality in admitting the people to such establishments; by thus teaching them that they are themselves the parties most deeply interested in their preservation, and that it must be the interest of the public to protect that which is intended for the public advantage. If we wish to obtain the affection and regard of others, we must manifest kindness and regard towards them; if we seek to wean them from debasing pursuits and brutalising pleasures, we can only hope to do so by opening to them new sources of rational enjoyment. It is under this conviction that I dedicate these gardens to the public; and I will only add, that as the sun has shone brightly on me through life, it would be ungrateful in me not to employ a portion of the fortune which I possess, in promoting the welfare of those amongst whom I live, and by whose industry I have been aided in its acquisition. I now, therefore, present to the council the deed of settlement, and all the writings relating to the arboretum."

At the conclusion of this address, the whole meeting rose, and, by the waving of hats and reiterated cheers, manifested their enthusiastic gratitude for the gift. In a few days afterwards, the arboretum was formally opened by the civic authorities and other bodies in the town—all parties being equally desirous of expressing their feelings on the joyous occasion. According to the regulations of the directors, the ground is now freely open on Wednesdays and Sundays; and on other days of the week 6d. is charged for admittance—a circumstance to be regretted, and I should hope that the town will have the generosity to provide funds for its maintenance, so as to have it freely open on all days of the week to all classes.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

A STORY FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

On the 14th of November 1722, Marguerite Brunot, wife of a shoemaker of Paris, gave birth to a son, who was baptised in the parish church of St Louis on the following day. Along with this child was baptised another, also a boy, born on the same day, and the offspring of Anne Troelle, wife of René Troelle, a master carver in Paris. The one child was named Michel Brunot, and the other Bernard François Troelle.

The families of Brunot and Troelle were near neighbours, and lived on the most intimate terms. Hence they were led to propose putting the children to nurse in the same place, and the place chosen was the village of Richeville in Normandy, a district considered as peculiarly healthy and proper for such a purpose by the Parisian mothers. It was arranged that the same woman should take both children to their country abode. Accordingly, when this person came to the house of the Brunots, the infant of the Troelles was sent for, and brought to the conductress. The wife of Brunot took the precaution, though probably dreaming little of the issue, to mark the wrapper which was upon her child, by sewing to it a little piece of dressed leather from her husband's stores. It does not appear that the sculptor's wife thought of any precaution of the kind. Attired alike in all respects but the one mentioned, as infants commonly are, the two children were taken away by their conductress to Richeville.

Separate nurses had there been provided for the children. It was subsequently asserted by certain of the parties concerned, that at the time the children were handed over to their respective nurses, a mistake took place, and that the infants were confounded one with the other. It was said that the child of the Troelles was given to one nurse as that of the Brunots, the Troelle nurse of course getting the child of the other family. However this matter stood, it is certain that the child given out to nurse as that of the Troelles, lived only seventeen days, and was buried in the parish cemetery of Richeville. The mortuary extract upon the subject bore, that "On the 2d of December 1722, died, and on the 3d was buried, Bernard François Troelle, son of M. Troelle, carver in Paris, which child was at nurse with Claude Lecerele, our parishioner."

To the wife of Troelle was sent all the clothing of the deceased infant, and here it was that the first idea of something wrong suggested itself. Among the linens sent to her, Madame Troelle found an old cap, marked with a G. This discovery startled her. The thought sprang up that her child was not dead, and she went directly to the house of the shoemaker Brunot, and told his wife that she did not believe her infant to be dead, showing, at the same time, the strange cap which she had found. Brunot's wife declared that the cap was none of hers, and said that, if Madame Troelle had any doubts upon the subject, the best way would be to go to the spot, and there endeavour to ascertain the truth. The carver's wife,

however, appears to have had her hopes shaken by the cap being not that of her neighbour, and the matter fell aside for the time.

Four or five months afterwards, the Brunots changed the nurse of their boy, sending him to Boiesmond, a place about a league from Richeville, where a curate, cousin to Brunot, had his residence. Under the eyes of this relative, the child remained for two years, after which it was taken home to the house of the Brunots in Paris. Some time after this event, Madame Troelle, who had brooded incessantly over the supposition that not her child, but that of the shoemaker, had died, was roused by the sight of the returned infant to claim it openly. She went to the house of the Brunots, and, in a state of great excitement, demanded the restoration of the boy. Her cries of "Give me my child! Give me my child!" attracted a crowd. Troelle's wife had already impressed some of the neighbours with a belief in the justice of her claim, and Brunot and his wife were greatly abused and insulted by the crowd. In consequence of this outrage, the Brunots appealed to the law, and the Troelles were ordered to keep the peace under heavy penalties, and to pay all expenses of appeal.

On the other hand, Troelle and his wife brought an action against the Brunots, to procure the restoration of the child, alleging it to be theirs. They actually got a decree in the first instance, ordering the delivery of the child to them by the shoemaker and his wife. But the latter brought an appeal against this decision, and then the case was formally tried in court, the best advocates of the day being employed on both sides. The Troelles founded their claim on the following circumstances:—The child to which Madame Brunot gave birth was feeble and delicate, and even had a serious illness before being sent out to nurse; now the child of the Troelles was remarkably strong and healthy, and was less likely to be the first to take a fatal illness. The child in dispute, also, was very healthy. Again, the Troelles averred that the two children, when first sent to nurse at Richeville, were laid in one bed by their conductress, and then were mistaken one for the other, and were given to the wrong nurses accordingly. Of this assertion, the only proof brought by them was, that a cap marked G, not belonging to Madame Troelle's child, but to Brunot's, was sent to her on the infant's asserted decease. The letter G was the first letter of M. Brunot's name—Guillaume. (Madame Troelle also averred, that the linen, marked by the Brunots with a piece of leather, came to her at the same time; but as she at first mentioned nothing but the cap, this second statement was not believed, and indeed greatly damaged her cause.) Again, the Troelles asserted, that the linens which the living child wore, on being taken from Richeville to Boiesmond, were precisely those originally given by Madame Troelle to her child. And, lastly, it was stated, that the living child bore a strong resemblance to the other children of the Troelles, and none to Brunot's family.

Slight as these grounds appear to be, they formed the whole case of the Troelles, and were the foundation of a trial that greatly interested the public of France. The Brunots answered them chiefly by denying that the cap marked G ever belonged to them or their child; and by pointing to the register which contained the record of the infant Troelle's death. They showed that no proof existed of any exchange of the children ever having taken place. As for the change of health in the child, such things were too common to excite the slightest surprise. With regard to the resemblance of the disputed child to the Troelles, the wife of Brunot did not deny that there was a seeming likeness between them; and for this she could only account by the circumstance of her having been much struck, before the birth of the child, by seeing the corpse of another infant of the Troelles, and gazing on it long. The Brunots also dwelt on the fact of no claim having been made for two whole years.

The court, after hearing long pleadings on both sides, came to the conclusion that the children had never been exchanged; that the dead child was that of the Troelles; and, accordingly, the decree of the judges was, that the shoemaker Brunot and his wife should keep the infant.

To this case, the compiler of the Causes Celebres adds an anecdote, which seems to have suggested the plot of Miss Edgeworth's excellent story entitled "Ennui." A nurse, into whose charge was given the child of a rich noble, had an ambition to see her own son a lord. She accordingly exchanged the one infant for the other, and, in time, the changeling became inheritor of the wealth of his supposed ancestors. The real heir, having the claims of a foster-brother upon his substitute, went to him and was taken into his service. Distinguishing himself highly by his probity and good conduct, the servant became his master's intimate friend, and was treated by him more as a real than as a foster-brother. In the course of time, the nurse was taken ill. She then sent for her real son, the seeming gentleman of birth, and disclosed the whole secret to him. Going home immediately afterwards, he there took an opportunity of telling the story, as if it had occurred to third parties, and concluded by asking his servant and foster-brother what he would have done had he been the true heir, and had learned the secret from the supposed one. "I would have halved my fortune with the other," was the immediate answer. "Then your sincerity must now be tested,

You and I are the true parties to whom I alluded." The real heir did not shrink from his word, but shared his means fairly with his former master.

MARTIAL, THE EPIGRAMMATIST.

PRE-EMINENT among all who have cultivated that form of literary composition called the epigram, stands the Latin poet, Marcus Valerius Martial. He was by birth a Romanised Spaniard, his native place being Bilbilis, a city of the Celtiberians, the situation of which is in the modern province of Arragon. Educated in the country of his origin, Martial repaired in his twenty-first year to Rome, then the great field for the development of genius of every description. Nero at that period occupied the seat of the Cæsars, and the young Spaniard found ample food for the nourishment of that satirical taste which early distinguished him. But prudence commanded silence for a time; and Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, successively filled the imperial seat, ere Martial gave full and open scope to his literary powers. Under Vespasian and Titus, however, he became well known for his epigrammatical talents, and still more so under the next emperor, Domitian, who, with all his faults of character, had the merit of bestowing the most liberal patronage on art and the Muses. Besides giving to Martial a town-mansion, a villa, and a pension, the Cæsar conferred on him the rank of tribune and the honour of knighthood. These favours, rendered almost indispensable to men like him at that day by the limited extent to which the public had it in their power to reward literary merit, called forth from the object of them many animated tributes of gratitude. He became, indeed, the poet-laureate of Domitian; and, as we have the best grounds for believing the bard to have been a rigid adherent of the truth, it is obvious, from many passages in the epigrammatist's writings, that, in the mingled character of the emperor, there was much which a laureat might with truth commend.

The first of Martial's twelve books of epigrams was dedicated to Domitian, and referred chiefly to the actions of that monarch, to his public exhibitions, his wars, and his architectural improvements. Being for the most part descriptive, we are not to look in this section of the poet's writings for perfect specimens of the epigram, as defined by Dr Johnson to be "a short poem, terminating in a point"—or, as John Keats finely has it,

— "that more than cordial dram,
The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram."

Yet none of Martial's epigrams are without a culminating thought, more or less lively and emphatic. The following specimens will prove this assertion, and show how the poet turned his favourite form of composition to account in honouring his patron:—

TO CÆSAR.

"Much though thou still bestow, and promise more;
Though lord of leaders, of thyself, thou be;
The people thee, not for rewards, adore,
But the rewards adore, for love of thee."

Domitian passed some severe edicts for the reformation of the public manners:—

"Awful censor, chief of chiefs,
Thine our triumphs and reliefs,
Thou bid'st fanes ascend the skies,
Shows, and gods, and cities rise.
What are cities, temples, taste?
Thine the praise that Rome is chaste."

But in the epigrams upon general subjects there is much more interest, and to these we shall proceed. Book second contains a series addressed to friends, and most of these consist of single thoughts, diffused through their whole substance, rather than developed pointedly at the close, which is the usual characteristic of the satirical epigrams. To a dear friend, Julius Martial, the comprehensive lines that follow are addressed by his namesake:—

"Of things that heighten human bliss,
The sum, sweet Martial, may be this:
A freehold, not amass'd by care,
But dropp'd on a deserving heir;
A soil, that every culture pays;
A hearth, with never-dying blaze;
No squabbling, and but little courting;
A quiet mind, itself supporting;
A gale, to fan ingenious flame;
Exertion, to confirm the frame;
Simplicity, that wisdom blends;
Equality, the bond of friends;
An easy converse, simple board,
With all the little needful stored;
A night not soaking, care effaced;
A couch not dismal, always chaste;
Sleep stealing o'er the gloom so sweet,
That bids the eve and morning meet;
Content, which nought beyond aspires,
And dreads not death, nor yet desires."

There is much in these lines that shows a liberal and polished state of friendly intercourse in the society of the day, as well as a calm, healthful, and happy temper of mind in him who thus painted the pleasures which he desired to enjoy in his daily walk in life. To the same friend, addressed above, Martial paid an elegant compliment in sending a book. He bade his verses go and introduce themselves without prefacing, and continues—

"Let dedications flatter power or pelf;
None surely need address another self."

The two following epigrams also convey a most pleasing tribute of friendly love, the object of them being Marcus Antonius Primus, a venerable citizen of Rome:—

"His placid eyes behold Antonius cast
On the long course through which himself has pass'd.
Tranquil he sees each day, and hails each year;
Nor dreads oblivion's waves, that roll more near.
No hour departed can his soul appall,
No day has elapsed he joys not to recall.
A double span the virtuous mind employs,
Which thus the present and the past enjoys."

The second to Antonius Primus runs thus:—

"What face, with violets and roses crown'd,
So strikes the eye? you ask with awe profound.
Here Antony the Prime looks all his truth;
The sage beholds himself in prime of youth.
Could art express the manners and the mind,
On earth no fairer picture should we find."

Another happy little epigram on friendship is that addressed to Fuscus, a friend newly acquired by the poet:—

"Fuscus, if thine ample heart
Still have any vacant part,
Compass'd as thou art with friends—
Mine upon that part depends.
Nor deny, because I'm new;
All thy old have been so too.
Thou hast only to unfold,
If the new may grow the old."

Martial has one book, his third, upon "his own writings, his critics, and his rivals." To one who combined the two latter characters, he addressed an epigram, which might be yet remembered to purpose, when one writer criticises another:—

"The reader and the hearer like my lays;
But they're unfinish'd things, a poet says.
The stricture ne'er shall discompoose my looks;
My cheer is for my guests, and not for cooks."

In Martial's days, people had been about as eager to borrow books, or get them for nothing, as they are now. He has one or two epigrams on persons who pretended a great anxiety to see his verses, but which anxiety did not extend the length of laying out four or five shillings for them at the publishers'. For example, the poet says to one Quintus:—

"Give thee my books, indeed, thou greedy fop?
I have them not; thou'lt find them in the shop."
"And pay for trash! Dost think I'd go to buy?
I'm not a fool, my friend." "Nor, sir, am I!"

The subjoined hit to a would-be rival of the hour is pungent and peppery. It is addressed to one Theodorus:—

"Why I dole thee not my pieces,
Theodore, thou may'st divine.
What! thy wondering still increases?
'Tis lest thou redole me thine."

Martial's series of historical epigrams, or those founded on incidents in history, contains some of the most interesting in his whole collection. The story of Arria, who stabbed herself to encourage her husband to a like act in an extremity of distress, is well known to most readers. Martial has elicited a fine turn from the incident:—

"When the chaste Arria to her Pætus bore
The dagger, reeking with her bosom's gore,
'This wound,' she said, 'believe me, gives no smart;
A wound from you alone could wring my heart.'"

The following epigrams are illustrative of the manners of the Romans, to which subject the poet devoted some thousands of verses—indeed the whole, properly speaking, of his last seven books. In the pieces of this section, we find the closing turn of wit to be the most remarkable and predominating feature. The following are specimens:—

ON MARO'S VOW.

"For a dear aged friend good Maro vow'd,
Pitying the age-pains. He pray'd aloud:
'If from the Styx, oh Jove, withhold he be,
A votive steer of mine shall fall to thee.'
Some gleam of hope the doctors cherish now;
And Maro makes new vows lest he should pay his vow."

ON HERMOCRATES.

"He bathed with us brisk, and he sup'd with us gay,
Next morn with the dead Athenagoras lay.
The cause do you ask of this sudden transition?
In sleep he, Hermocrates, saw the physician."

Here is a very pointed rebuke to a friend who seems to have neglected to visit the expectant poet, on returning from a long journey:

TO AFEE.

"To hail thee from thy Libyan trip return'd,
Full five successive days my bosom burn'd.
'He's busy or asleep,' was still the cry.
Since thou dislik'st Good-morrow, friend, Good-bye."

TO CAIUS.

"A score of sestercies I crave in loan,
Which bounty scarce to be a boon would own.
'Go, ply the bar; be affluent in a trice!'
I sought for aid, good Caius, not advice."

One on Novius is strikingly applicable at this hour to next-door neighbourhoods in large cities. These things had been quite the same in ancient Athens and modern Athens, in old Rome and Auld Reekie:—

ON NOVIUS.

"Novius such a neighbour stands,
We from windows may shake hands.
Who, then, would not count me blest,
Of my friend each hour possess'd?
Yet from me remote his smile,
As Terentian's on the Nile,
We can interchange no cheer;

Him I neither see nor hear;
Nor in town can creature be
Both so near and far from me.
Either he or I must move,
That he may my neighbour prove.
Who would ne'er see Novius more,
Must live or with him, or next door."

ON BASSUS'S ROBE.

"Gay Bassus for ten thousand bought
A Tyrian robe of rich array;
And was a gainer. How? He taught;
The prudent Bassus did not pay."

From the succeeding epigram, we learn that "diners out" had been as plenteous and inveterate in the pursuit of their vocation, in the days of the twelve Cæsars of Rome, as in those of the four Georges of England:—

TO RUFUS—ON SELIUS.

"What has clouded Seli's brow?
Prithee, Rufus, tell me now.
Hear him beat his breast—all bare;
See him rend his hapless hair.
Not a brother does he mourn;
No lost friend his heart has torn:
Both his sons enjoy the day;
Long may both do so, I pray:
Safe the partner of his bed;
Safe his all—no slave is dead;
Not a hind has fall'd in duty;
Not a bailiff has play'd booty.
What is then the source of sorrow?
Seli's sups at home to-morrow."

The reader has now had a taste of Martial's vein; but we must observe, in justice to the poet, that the terse and pointed, yet elegant style of the originals, cannot be perfectly displayed or imitated in translations.* Martial had the satisfaction of being universally read and admired while he lived, but, at the death of Domitian, his lease of imperial favour came to a close. The two next emperors, Nerva and Trajan, did not bestow on him that patronage which might have been anticipated from their generosity of character; and after thirty-five years' absence, the poet quitted Rome and returned to his native city in Spain, where he married for the second time. Some little pieces, produced after this period, indicate that he had too long enjoyed the social refinements of Roman life to feel so happy in his native scenes as he had expected. There is reason to believe that he was on this account oppressed with languor in his latter days. After surviving his retreat about five years, he died at the age of sixty. This event is supposed to have occurred in the 104th year of the Christian era.

THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE.

THE English, after reducing all sporting matters in their own country to a state of the utmost nicety, and enjoying every mode of field amusement which local circumstances admit of, have lately been imitating the example of various ambitious kings whom history prattles of, who, after putting all to rights at home, used to look about them to see what other states they might attempt to conquer. We have accordingly, of late years, had fox-chasing in the United States, angling in Norway, and horse-racing at Vienna. English sport, like Irish misery, overflows into all surrounding countries. Here we have a frolicsome narrative, from the pen of Frederick Tolfrey, Esq., of a sporting ramble through Picardy and Normandy, during which English apparatus and modes were applied, often with most ludicrous inappropriateness, to French circumstances; and many other adventures encountered, such as a gentleman loves to gossip about when he returns to his home, and once more mingles amongst old companions. It is an amusing book; although a little reprehensible for levity of expression, and may confidently be recommended to general readers, as well as to those more particularly interested in sport.

Mr Tolfrey and his few companions had pitched themselves for some time at Rennes, in Lower Brittany, where at length their good humour, and the stir which they made with their sports, excited general attention, and "*Vive la Chasse*" became the prevailing toast at all convivial meetings, and even the cry of apple-munching urchins on the street. It occurred to the party to get up a boar-hunt in the neighbourhood, in humble imitation of an English fox-chase, designing that the gentlemen of the district should be invited to join in it. A tract of country, near Rennes, which they found to be quite open and interspersed with *communes* and pasture-land, was pitched upon as the scene of sport, and duly surveyed for the purpose. The wealthy inhabitants placed their studs at the disposal of the strangers. "I had no great faith in our steeds," says Mr Tolfrey, "and felt assured that if we came to timber-jumping, we should lose both boars and dogs;" but after spending a day in inspecting the cavalry of the place, "I was most agreeably surprised to find ten or a dozen cocktails of a very superior stamp, and, as far as a cursory view of them would enable us to judge, very well calculated to go across country." They went next day to try the animals at a ditch near by, when one or two were found to leap tolerably well; but a French gentleman present, endeavouring to imitate their example, came poorly off. "Screwing his courage to the stick-

ing place, he trotted his nag some twenty or thirty yards from the *fossé*, and with both eyes shut, the reins in the right hand and the flowing mane in the left," rushed at the place of leaping, when "the gallant grey, of Norman extraction, instead of clearing it, turned sharp round, after the fashion of a Paddington omnibus at the Bank of England—an act of circumambulation which pitched the bewildered Frenchman plump into the middle of the stagnant water with which the aforesaid ditch was more than half filled." Nevertheless, when the list of aspirants was made up, it was found that they were about forty in number—"thirty-five of whom I strongly suspected," says Mr Tolfrey, "would not be in at the death."

We have no wish to give a minute detail of the chase; but some of the circumstances are of so ludicrous a nature, that we believe they will amuse most of our readers. For instance, think of some of the native gentlemen appearing at this imitative fox-chase, with holsters filled with huge brass pistols at their saddle-bows! All having assembled at the appointed spot, including guides, *piqueurs*, and a pack of bull-dogs, a boar was started, and the chase commenced. The animal soon met the ditch in which the French gentleman had a few days before been plunged, and finding it too broad to be passed, edged to the left. "The great difficulty I had now to contend with was, to restrain the ardour of the uninitiated foreigners, who, if Captain P—, Mr W—, and myself, had not interfered, would have ridden over our dogs."

The boar was now taking to some rising ground, and when I conceived that the pack had plenty of field-room, I gave the word *en avant*, and helter-skelter we went across the meadow. It had been my original intention to ride up with the pack, and keep them well together. Before quitting my companions, therefore, I begged of my fellow-countrymen to keep an eye upon our French allies, and to check their vivacity. With this parting caution, I gave my horse the spur, and pushed him at the ditch, which he cleared gallantly.

I hereby disclaim any mischievous intention in having so done: whether Captain P— and Mr W— were equally innocent, it is not for me to say; nevertheless, they followed my example, and got well over, and so did the owner of the horse I was on, and one more gentleman, M. de St H—. But how shall I describe the fate of some of the more adventurous, who, in emulation of ourselves, charged the yawning ditch? Such a submersion of quadrupeds and bipeds never before was seen.

As good fortune would have it, no serious consequences ensued, although one unfortunate wight was nearly drowned, by reason of his foot catching in the stirrup; he was dragged out by his less venturesome comrades, and made the best of his way back to the chateau, in a most crest-fallen condition.

Captain P—, Mr W—, and our two successful ditch-jumpers, pushed on after me, while those who had not been so fortunate as to cross the intervening barrier, made a circuit in the hope of joining us. In the meanwhile, the boar kept going at a racing pace, under the slope of some rising ground, in view the whole time. The scene was highly animating; the dogs were running breast high, and in full chorus. We met with some rails and hurdles, and a few dry ditches, which were by no means formidable, and the horses took them well.

The animal I was on made one mistake at a gate, and rolled over with me; but I was lucky enough to escape with only a slight bruise, and having been so fortunate as not to lose my reins, remounted, and got well through the day without any farther accident.

Our field was a small one; it consisted for some time of only Captain P—, Mr W—, the *garde du corps*, M. de St H—, and myself. Just as the boar was beginning to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of shortness of wind, two of the straggling horsemen joined us out of the rack that had been left behind."

At the conclusion of the chase, Mr Tolfrey deemed it due to the native gentlemen who had been left behind to return and inquire how they got on. "In our way we met with a dozen or two of the stragglers, who had got up a very tolerable imitation of making their way to the scene of action. We learnt from these gentlemen that some had returned to the chateau (especially those who had been soused in the ditch), and that others were endeavouring to catch the dogs. Upon the whole, therefore, I should say that the glorious anticipations of these would-be sportsmen had not been realised, and that to them the hunt was a decided failure. I could have predicted the same result—to the majority at least—but I make it a rule to let people take their fling to the top of their bent."

As far as we were concerned—I mean my countrymen and the two French gentlemen who accompanied us—the sport was excellent, far better than I could have imagined it would be; but the truth is, the *chasse en plaine à la mode Anglaise* (steeple-chasing in the English fashion) is not suited to a Frenchman—they have never seen it in their youth, have had no example set them, and consequently they know nothing about it. It is not a national amusement or business, as it is with us. The French farmers, too, have no idea of having their land ridden over; and a landed proprietor would as soon hamstring your horse as look at you, if you took a fancy to gallop over his acres.

* We have here used, with some few changes, the versions of Mr Elphinstone, published in 1722. They are, however, it must be allowed, by no means what the shade of Martial might expect from the modern literature of England.

† Two volumes. Colburn: London. 1841.

We got back to the chateau about three o'clock, where we found the gentlemen who had received such a ducking, some between blankets, and some in borrowed clothes, and all around a huge log-fire in the hall. Their appearance gave rise to a great deal of mirth at their expense.

As the dinner hour approached, and the garments dried, good humour found vent; and as soon as we were seated at the festive board, the sufferers permitted themselves to laugh at their own misfortunes; and by the time a few glasses of champagne had done their duty, all was jollity, mirth, and frolic.

The Irish people have been noted for the art of *whispering* to horses; or, in plainer terms, of subduing restive horses by a whisper. Mr Lover has made Sullivan, called the *Whisperer*, the hero of one of his graphic stories, and admits, if we remember rightly, that the fact of horses having been so tamed is unquestionable, though at the same time inexplicable. "In one of our rambles," says the author of the work before us, "we approached a French gentleman's chateau near Rospordon, who sent one of his servants to request we would honour him by partaking of some refreshment under his roof. We instantly complied with the mandate, and were most kindly received by the proprietor, Monsieur de G—. He was very proud of his campaign, and showed us round his grounds, and pointed out some improvements he was about to make.

Having learnt that Captain P— was an old dragoon, our host conducted us to the stables, where the stud were paraded for our inspection. One of the horses which was led out had been purchased a few days before, and was certainly a very likely-looking animal. He had but one fault, rather an unpleasant one certainly—*nobody could ride him*; and but half an hour before our unexpected appearance at the chateau, Monsieur de G— had determined upon sending the restive brute down to the village Vulcan, who, in addition to his vocation of blacksmith, was what is termed in Brittany a *sorcier*, and who possessed a kind of charm in the way of *whispering* to horses.

This gift has been attributed to the Irish as well as the French, but I believe the faculty is not confined to Ireland and France, but is common in various forms to many other countries. Every one has heard of the Laplander's habit of whispering in the ears of his reindeer; and in various parts of Brittany several of these whisperers are to be met with, whose success is invariable and infallible.

I can here speak from experience, and had an opportunity of seeing the skill of the *sorcier* put to the proof. Captain P—, after an hour's fruitless endeavour to conquer the vicious spirit of the animal, resigned him to Monsieur de G— and his groom. "There is no help for it," exclaimed the master; "we must take him to the sorcerer." Upon our expressing a wish to see the miracle wrought, Monsieur de G— politely offered to accompany us to the village, in order that we might be convinced of the *sorcier's* power. The stable-boy led the refractory animal, and we followed on foot, determined to witness the extraordinary exhibition.

On arriving at the village, Monsieur de G— ordered the groom to stop, when, to our astonishment, he mounted the horse, which was still saddled, and said to us, "You shall see." The animal allowed his master to fix himself firmly in the saddle, but the moment Monsieur de G— attempted to urge him forward, every muscle of the horse's frame appeared to be agitated with rage—he reared, kicked, and plunged—in short, left no means untried to shake his rider from his back.

Monsieur de G—, who was an excellent horseman, kept his seat, but he soon found that his situation was none of the pleasantest, and attempted to dismount; but this the restive brute would not allow, for he reared more tremendously than before, and evinced a strong disposition to throw himself over his cavalier.

Just at this moment, a short, thick-set, little man, attracted by the noise, came forth from a blacksmith's shop, towards which we had been directing our steps, and approaching the spot, acted the part of spectator for a few seconds, merely exclaiming, "The rascal."

At length the groom, impatient at his apparent apathy, cried out, "Whisper quickly, then, François; he will fall, I tell you."

"Does monsieur wish it?" demanded the *sorcier*, for such he was.

"To be sure he does," said the groom.

As soon as he had pronounced these words, the *sorcier* watched his opportunity, and threw his arms round the horse's neck, who, not accustomed to such embraces, reared more violently than before, raising the little man off the ground with him; but he kept his hold, not at all embarrassed, and contrived, even in that awkward situation, to fix his mouth on the orifice of the animal's ear.

What he did, or what he said, I know not. It is impossible to imagine that the mere breathing in the animal's ear could have any effect, but his hands were occupied in holding tightly round the neck of the horse, and the only thing I could observe, was the firm pressure of the mouth on the ear. Be this as it may, in a moment the horse became less restive, stood still, shivered a little as from cold, and from that moment his spirit was gone.

Strange as this must appear, it is a fact; but how,

and by what means, the miracle was wrought, must be left for wiser heads than mine to determine. It is, nevertheless, unquestionably true, that the horse became perfectly docile. I rode him frequently after he had passed through the enchanter's hands, and a more tractable quadruped I never wish to bestride."

This curious anecdote has exhausted our space, and we part from Mr Tolfrey with our best thanks for the amusement which his two merry volumes have afforded us.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON COMMERCIAL ECONOMY.

MONOPOLIES AND EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES.

We some time ago glanced at the subject of monopolies and restrictions on trade; but the subject is so exceedingly important, and is so little understood, that we venture upon its further elucidation.

The term *monopoly* is popularly used in two very distinct senses. In the one case, it is applied to those who, by superior industry, skill, or acuteness, have put themselves at the head of a market, and distanced the competition of others; in its other sense, it applies to an artificial interference with free trade, giving to one man a privilege in the market tending to the exclusion or prejudice of another, independently of his qualifications to supply the public; in other words, without leaving the preference to be made by his customers or employers, who are in all cases the best judges of what it suits them to purchase, or whom to employ. Although bearing some outward resemblance to each other, the difference between the two meanings is thus extensive—that in the former, monopolies are a great advantage to mankind, and in the latter they are a great evil. The former, though now generally called the vulgar meaning, is the more consistent of the two with the derivation of the term *monopoly*, which is from a Greek word, implying the act of purchasing up the whole of a commodity.

When the principles of trade were little understood, the circumstance of a person coming between the producer and the consumer was considered a great hardship. It was of no consequence that the people individually felt the convenience of buying farm-produce from the shopkeeper, who sold it at their door; the people, in the man, chose to view in that same shopkeeper an enemy of the human race in the form of an enhancer of prices and a grinder of the poor—a wretch who enriched himself by raising the price and limiting the amount of his neighbour's food. Under the denominations of *forestalling* and *regrating*, the more obnoxious forms in which this commercial spirit presented itself, stringent penal laws were enacted against it, and nothing but the real use to the community of the custom against which it waged so bitter a war, could have enabled the practice to live in spite of all this popular odium and legislative severity. It was against the monopolisers of grain in a year of scarcity that the spirit of popular indignation was most easily and most dangerously roused; and so deep-seated was the common prejudice on this subject, that we find such an author as Smollett speaking of "the iniquitous practice of engrossing," and attributing to it the principal calamities of a bad harvest. Yet there is no proposition in political economy more distinctly proved, than that the self-interested proceedings of wholesale purchasers of corn are an alleviation to the evils of a scarcity of that commodity. When the corn-merchant has made his purchase, it is of course his interest to sell for the highest price he can obtain: he thus prevents a deficient harvest from being purchased up and consumed at once. But in the case of such a deficient harvest, it is likewise his object to get all his corn sold off before the new crop comes into competition with it. Between these competing interests, the result is, that the crop is more equally distributed over the whole year than it would have otherwise been. It is true that it would be the farmer's interest himself to bring about the same result, if he could afford the necessary time to make the arrangements, and could lie out of his capital; but he can seldom manage to do either, and if he could, he would simply be the regrater and engrosser himself, retailing at the same prices as the corn-merchant.

The prejudices against this species of monopoly have gradually decayed, though perhaps they still exhibit themselves in a little querulous discontent on the part of the very industrious housekeeper, who would willingly take the trouble of purchasing from the farmer's original stock the cheese, and butter, and eggs she is so apt to find "forestalled" by the shopkeeper who supplies her more indolent neighbours. There is no help for such a case; the usages of society are against the worthy woman. It is not the special malice or grasping spirit of the retailer that prompts him to anticipate her, but the circumstance that the convenience of nine-tenths of her neighbours lies in a different direction from hers. Specially to discuss the advantages of such a system, would be like an eulogium on commerce in general, of which it is one of the chief ingredients. In its very existence, it carries with it its certificate, for if it were not wanted by society, it would not exist. The spirit out of which it arises, that of competition, is infinitely advantageous to the public. It is a struggle for pre-eminence in an arena where the object is the service of the public at large, and the prize their preference.

Of legislative monopolies, or exclusive privileges, the very reverse is the result. Their existence shows that

he who holds them is not the best and cheapest server of the public, for if he were so, the interference of authority would be unnecessary to ensure him from competition. Every such privilege is in its simple terms a dead loss to society. If there are twenty men who would compete with each other to make my shoes best and cheapest, and the legislature compels me to deal with one of these, it will be singular indeed if I do not find them both dear and bad. In this case there is a loss occasioned, not only to me but to the community at large, to the extent of the difference between the price of the shoes so made and the price they would have cost had the labour been free. The whole difference does not go into the pocket of the monopolist, unless idleness and unskilfulness can be called profit; for, if there were competition, he would have to struggle with it, and improve the quality of his work, or his rate of working, to keep up with his neighbours. Many a man of naturally active energies slumbers in obscurity in the enjoyment of a monopoly, who, driven on by the spirit of competition, makes his fortune when it is removed. The inspiring influence of competition was strikingly shown in the removal of the prohibition against foreign silk in 1826. The superiority of the French fabric was the plea on which the home producers retained their monopoly: when the monopoly was abolished, they competed with their neighbours, instead of acknowledging a hopeless inferiority; and the consequence was, that in a few years the consumption of British manufactured silk at home was nearly doubled, while a large amount was exported even to France itself.

The granting of oppressive monopolies for the supply of commodities in common use, was one of the chief grievances against which the Parliaments of Elizabeth and James I. maintained their long struggle; and the same high authorities which joined the people in denouncing the beneficial monopoly of competition, supported or shared in the proceeds of these pernicious restrictions. At length, an act of Parliament was passed in the reign of James, rendering all charters of monopoly by the crown illegal. This, however, did not affect an existing system of monopoly, which produced very deleterious effects on trade and industry. A statute had been passed in the fifth year of Elizabeth, prohibiting any person "to set up, occupy, use, or exercise any craft, mystery, or occupation," without having served an apprenticeship of seven years; and this act continued in force till 1814, when its burden was felt to be too oppressive to be longer borne. By the repealing act, the privileges of corporations were preserved inviolate, and these continued to be a nest of petty monopolies more or less neutralised by public opinion, till they were—all except those of the city of London—abolished by the Corporation Reform Act. In Scotland, although bills for the purpose have been before Parliament, the exclusive privileges of the petty trading corporations in burghs have not yet been abolished. Public feeling, and the good sense of those interested in their management, have generally prevented their operation from being a great general evil, and have restricted them within the limits of small, local, and personal nuisances. Their operation is confined to narrow bounds, and the tradesman who is free to set up an establishment a hundred yards off, will not be subjected to very great exactions. In some places, however, selfishness and jealousy have outrun policy, and in these the result has generally been, that the space covered by the exclusive privilege has been comparatively deserted and impoverished.

The professions of law and medicine exhibit the operations of monopolies, which exist, however, more in appearance than in reality. In the higher walks, especially of the former, there is no barrier which may not be overcome by at least nearly all who can obtain the knowledge and other mental qualifications requisite for the practice of the profession. There may be individual cases of hardship—cases in which men are possessed of these qualifications, yet are excluded from putting them to use from want of compliance with some petty regulations. The instances are so comparatively few, however, that they can scarcely be said to narrow the market or restrict the public choice, and they are far more than counterbalanced by the circumstance, that the profession is one of those that are coveted as supplying a station in society, and thus contains a far greater number of competitors for employment than the existing business supplies. Although the rules of admission to practise at the bar originated in projects to keep unqualified people out of the profession, it is well known that they can have no such effect. In England they do not necessarily infer any extent of study—in Scotland they infer very little; and it is likely that the mere circumstance of one being able to become with so much ease a member of a body which professes to be exclusive, makes the number of the members of the profession far greater than it would be if every one were free to join it. The same circumstances are partly developed in the medical profession; although there are some absurd impediments in the way of practising the profession in some places, there is generally a sufficient number to give the public an ample choice. In this profession, however, there may be uses for an exclusive privilege which do not apply to that of the law. The barrister is chosen for his public reputation as an orator or a lawyer; the agent or attorney is employed because he has the reputation of being a substantial and honest man. The qualities which distinguish a trustworthy medical attendant are not, however, so easily discoverable, and it is maintained that in this profession a degree is a necessary protection to the public, as a certifi-

case that the man they are employing has studied his profession. The extent to which the public can derive any advantage, however, from the system, will depend on the nature of the examination on which the degree is given. If it embrace the mere fact of having attended certain classes in a certain establishment; if it inquire only into the student's having had the means of learning, and not into the extent to which he has benefited by them, the ceremony may give considerable trouble to students, but can afford little protection to the public. It unfortunately happens, that, be the soundness of a degree what it may, the ignorant, for whose protection it is chiefly calculated, are the least inclined to trust its efficacy, and are frequently a plentiful harvest to quacks and impostors.

There are professional restrictions of a lower grade, which, though appearing as monopolies, are more properly police regulations. These are, the exclusive privileges to hackney-coachmen, draymen, porters, watermen, &c., who, while on the one hand they can prevent any unlicensed person from competing with them, are, on the other, generally limited in the extent of the remuneration they can demand. The object here is, not in general the exclusive benefit of the privileged, but the provision of a simple machinery for the prevention of extortion and imposition. If all who employed such persons had leisure to strike bargains with them, such interference would not be required. It being generally the case, however, that their services are required at moments of haste and confusion, the authorities frame beforehand, so far as they can, the contracts which individuals have not an opportunity of making at the moment. An agreement between a cab-driver and a passenger is an arrangement conducted with marvellous celerity. Instead of a deed signed, executed, and sealed between the parties, full of provisions and restrictions, the cabman holds up his forefinger, and "the fare" does the same. This cabalistic exchange of signs definitively settles the bargain. On the one hand, the cabman undertakes to receive the passenger into his vehicle, to drive him to the place at which it is convenient for him to alight, and to charge the fixed fare, which, on the other hand, the hirer comes under an obligation to pay. To such an arrangement, it is a material facility that the price at which the driver is permitted so to offer his services is fixed by a general regulation. The point at which all such rates should be fixed, is plainly that which makes the nearest practical approach to what would be obtained without fraud in the case of free competition.

We now come to a more important branch of the subject—the exclusive privilege of copyright. It has been fashionable of late to view this as coming within the same rules as ordinary property; but such a classification must tend to much confusion. Physical property, in the form of land, manufactures, &c., is always in its nature a distinct subject, and capable of separation from others; but the produce of the intellect, once given to the public, becomes mingled with the great world of thought and knowledge, and it is only for a limited time, and even to that extent by a complicated and difficult arrangement, that it can be kept distinct for the purposes of copyright. The author's manuscript is his physical property absolutely, and can be easily protected to him by the law; but when he volunteers to let the public partake of the produce of his intellect, he must be content to enjoy any exclusive interest which the law may afford him in it in the manner most beneficial to the public at large. If nothing were done for the protection of authors, if their successful writings were liable to be applied to the profit of every man who might choose to print them at the moment of their first publication, there would be little inducement to literary exertion, and the public would lose a great apparatus of enjoyment and improvement. The legislature has, therefore, wisely stepped in to give authors an inducement to write, by offering them, as a reward, the exclusive privilege of publishing their compositions for a certain period. This, it may be remarked, is, like every exclusive privilege, a dear-bought reward. If the public could so adjust matters, that, by paying a sum of money down, the author would obtain as much as he gains by the exclusive privilege, leaving every one who chose free to publish his book, the arrangement would be a far more economical one; but this is manifestly impracticable. The appreciation of the public is the only available criterion of merit, and must be permitted to adjust the amount of the reward. Founded in these principles, it is clear that the just measure for all parties of the length of a copyright, is that which will induce authors to write. By doing so they accept the terms offered, and every thing given beyond their amount is an unremunerated burden on the public. In Britain, the exclusive privilege of copyright extends for twenty-eight years from the publication of the work; and, should the author be alive at the expiry of that period, till his death. Until it is shown that men do not think it worth their while to write books on these terms, no case can be made out for enlarging the period.

Lately, an attempt has been unsuccessfully made to extend the duration of copyright to sixty years subsequent to the death of the author—an arrangement which would benefit the families of the few authors who chance to retain their copyrights in their own hands, but which, from the ordinary circumstances of the publishing business, would prove detrimental to the literary class in general, and to the public. As has been already explained in this work, all except a very few copyrights must needs be assigned to publishers for an immediate consideration in money. Pub-

lishers give as much for these assigned copyrights, on the understanding that they are to last twenty-eight years, as they would give if the period were extended to a hundred. Most writers of books would therefore experience no benefit whatever from the extension of the period of copyright. The main effect of the law would be to accumulate copyrights as monopolies in the hands of a few booksellers. By this means, books would be kept up at high prices, and the enjoyment and instruction which the public derive from reading would be lessened. There would also be less of that business of preface-writing and annotating, which at present gives so much employment to an useful, though perhaps comparatively humble, class of literary men. We have a striking example of the effects of a long-extended copyright which had been assigned, in the case of "Paradise Lost," which, originally bought for fifteen pounds, made a fortune to Tonson, while the granddaughter of the poet was starving. Even in the few cases where the family of an author continue in possession of copyrights, there might be the worse result still of the entire suppression of a book. It has been pointed out that the grandsons of Richardson and Boswell would have willingly suppressed the works of their ancestors, and that the heirs of Gibbon would not have allowed his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to remain unutilized.

THE FOUNDATION OF SCOTT'S GUY MANNERING.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1840—a work which we delight to see keeping up its ancient character and uses, with many improved features—a correspondent, dating from Bolton, enters into a consideration of the notices which Sir Walter Scott and other parties have given respecting the foundation of the story of "Guy Mannering." He endeavours to prove that Sir Walter was himself mistaken in his recollections upon this subject, and that the tale must have in reality been founded upon the story of James Annesley, with which all who have read *Peregrine Pickle* must already be in some measure acquainted. He adds a narrative of this remarkable case, made up from various authentic sources, and employing, as far as possible, the language of the original authorities. At the request of the writer, we reprint this narrative:—

"Lord and Lady Altham, of Dunmain, in the county of Wexford, had been for many years married and childless, when, in the year 1715, their warmest hopes and wishes were realised by the birth of an heir to their estates and title. On that joyful evening, the hospitality of the house of Dunmain was claimed by a young gentleman travelling from Dublin, named 'Master Richard Fitzgerald,' who joined Lord Altham and his household in drinking the healths of the 'lady in the straw,' and the long-expected heir, in the customary groaning drink. It does not appear that Master Fitzgerald was learned in astrology, or practised any branch of the 'black art,' or that he used any spell with reference to the infant more potent than these hearty libations and sincere good wishes for his future prosperity. Next day, before leaving the hospitable mansion, the little hero of this tale was presented to the stranger, who 'kissed him, and gave the nurse half a guinea.'

Of Fitzgerald, we have only to add that he entered the army, and became a distinguished officer in the service of the Queen of Hungary; and that twenty-eight years afterwards he returned to Ireland, to assist in recovering for his former infantile friend the estates and titles of his ancestors, which had been for many years iniquitously withheld from him.

Lord and Lady Altham lived unhappily together, and a separation took place soon after the birth of their son. Her ladyship, shamefully neglected by her husband, resided in England during the remainder of her life, and, from disease and poverty, was reduced to a state of extreme imbecility both of body and mind.

James Annesley, the infant son of this unhappy mother, was intrusted by Lord Altham to the charge of a woman of indifferent character, named Joan or Juggy Landy. Juggy was a dependant of the family, and lived in a cabin on the estate, about a quarter of a mile from the house of Dunmain. This hut is described as a 'despicable place, without any furniture except a pot, two or three trenchers, a couple of straw beds on the floor,' and 'with only a bush to draw in and out for a door.' Thus humbly and inauspiciously was the boy reared, under the care of a nurse, who, however unfortunate or guilty, appears to have lavished upon her young charge the most affectionate attention. From some unexplained cause, however, Juggy Landy incurred the displeasure of Lord Altham, who took the boy from her, and ordered his groom to 'horsewhip her,' and 'to set the dogs upon her,' when she persisted in hovering about the premises to obtain a sight of her former charge.

Lord Altham now removed with his son to Dublin, where he appears to have entered upon a career of the most dissipated and profligate conduct. We find him reduced to extreme pecuniary embarrassment, and his property become a prey to low and abandoned associates; one of whom, a Miss Kennedy, he ultimately endeavoured to introduce to society as his wife. This worthless woman must have obtained great ascendancy over his lordship, as she was enabled to drive

James Annesley from his father's protection, and the poor boy became a houseless vagabond, wandering about the streets of Dublin, and procuring a scanty and precarious subsistence 'by running of errands and holding gentlemen's horses.'

Meantime, Lord Altham's pecuniary difficulties had so increased as to induce him to endeavour to borrow money on his reversionary interest in the estates of the Earl of Anglesey, to whom he was heir-at-law. In this scheme he was joined by his brother, Captain Annesley, and they jointly succeeded in procuring several small sums of money. But as James Annesley would have proved an important legal impediment to these transactions, he was represented to some parties to be dead; and where his existence could not be denied, he was asserted to be the natural son of his lordship and of Juggy Landy.

Lord Altham died in the year 1727, 'so miserably poor that he was actually buried at the public expense.' His brother, Captain Annesley, attended the funeral as chief mourner, and assumed the title of Baron Altham; but when he claimed to have this title registered, he was refused by the king-at-arms, 'on account of his nephew being reported still alive, and for want of the honorary fees.' Ultimately, however, by means which are stated to have been 'well known and obvious,' he succeeded in procuring his registration.

But there was another and a more sincere mourner at the funeral of Lord Altham than the successful inheritor of his title: a poor boy of twelve years of age, half-naked, bareheaded and barefooted, and wearing, as the most important part of his dress, an old yellow livery waistcoat, followed at an humble distance, and wept over his father's grave. Young Annesley was speedily recognised by his uncle, who forcibly drove him from the place, but not before the boy had made himself known to several old servants of his father, who were attending the corpse of their late lord to the tomb.

The usurper now commenced a series of attempts to obtain possession of his nephew's person, for the purpose of transporting him beyond seas, or otherwise ridding himself of so formidable a rival. For some time, however, these endeavours were frustrated, principally through the gallantry of a brave and kind-hearted butcher, named Purrel, who, having compassion upon the boy's destitute state, took him into his house, and hospitably maintained him for a considerable time; and on one occasion, when he was assailed by a numerous party of his uncle's emissaries, Purrel placed the boy between his legs, and stoutly defending him with his cudgel, resisted their utmost efforts, and succeeded in rescuing his young charge.

After having escaped from many attempts of the same kind, Annesley was at length kidnapped in the streets of Dublin, dragged by his uncle and a party of hired ruffians to a boat, and carried on board a vessel in the river, which immediately sailed with our hero for America, where, on his arrival, he was apprenticed as a plantation slave, in which condition he remained for the succeeding thirteen years.

During his absence, his uncle, on the demise of the Earl of Anglesey, quietly succeeded to that title and immense wealth.

While forcibly detained in the plantations, Annesley suffered many severe hardships and privations, particularly in his frequent unsuccessful attempts to escape. Among other incidents which befell him, he incurred the deadly hatred of one master, in consequence of a suspected intrigue with his wife—a charge from which he was afterwards honourably acquitted. The daughter of a second master became affectionately attached to him, but it does not appear that this regard was reciprocal. And, finally, in effecting his escape, he fell into the hands of some hostile negroes, who stabbed him severely in various places; from the effects of which cruelty he did not recover for several months.

At the end of thirteen years, Annesley, who had now attained the age of twenty-five, succeeded in reaching Jamaica in a merchant vessel, and he immediately volunteered himself as a private sailor on board a man-of-war. Here he was at once identified by several officers; and Admiral Vernon, who was then in command of the British West India fleet, wrote home an account of the case to the Duke of Newcastle (the premier), and, 'in the mean time, supplied him with clothes and money, and treated him with the respect and attention which his rank demanded.'

The Earl of Anglesey no sooner heard of these transactions on board the fleet, than he used every effort to keep possession of his usurped title and property, and the most eminent lawyers within the English and Irish bars were retained to defend a cause, the prosecution of which was not as yet even threatened.

On Annesley's arrival in Dublin, 'several servants who had lived with his father came from the country to see him. They knew him at first sight, and some of them fell on their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation—embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return.'

Lord Anglesey became so much alarmed at the probable result of the now threatened trial, that he expressed his intention to make a compromise with the claimant, renounce the title, and retire into France; and with this view he commenced learning the French language. But this resolution was given up, in consequence of an occurrence which encouraged

the flattering hope that his opponent would be speedily and most effectually disposed of.

After his arrival in England, Annesley unfortunately occasioned the death of a man by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece which he was in the act of carrying. Though there could not exist a doubt of his innocence from all intention of such a deed, the circumstance offered too good a chance to be lost sight of by his uncle, who employed an attorney named Gifford; and with his assistance used every effort at the coroner's inquest, and the subsequent trial, to bring about a verdict of murder. In this, however, he did not succeed, although 'he practised all the unfair means that could be invented to procure the removal of the prisoner to Newgate from the healthy jail to which he had been at first committed; and though 'the earl even appeared in person on the bench, endeavouring to intimidate and browbeat the witnesses, and to inveigle the prisoner into destructive confessions,' Annesley was honourably acquitted, after his uncle had expended nearly one thousand pounds on the prosecution.

The trial between James Annesley, Esq. and Richard Earl of Anglesey, before the Right Honourable the Lord Chief-Justice and the other barons of the Exchequer, commenced on the 11th November 1743, and was continued for thirteen days. The defendant's counsel examined an immense number of witnesses, in an attempt to prove that Annesley was the illegitimate son of the late Baron Altham. The jury found for the plaintiff; but this did not prove sufficient to recover his title and estates: for his uncle 'had recourse to every device the law allowed, and his powerful interest procured a writ of error which set aside the verdict.' Before another trial could be brought about, Annesley died without male issue, and Lord Anglesey consequently remained in undisturbed possession.

It is presumed, that the points of resemblance between the leading incidents in the life of this unfortunate young nobleman and the adventures of Henry Bertram in Guy Mannering are so evident, as to require neither comment nor enumeration to make them apparent to the most cursory reader of the novel. The addition of a very few other circumstances will, it is believed, amount to a proof of the identity of the two stories.

The names of many of the witnesses examined at the trial have been appropriated—generally with some slight alteration—to characters in the novel. Among others, one of them is named *Henry Brown*, while *Henry Bertram*, alias *Vanbeest Brown*, is the hero of the story. An Irish priest was examined, named *Abel Butler*, while we find *ABEL Samson* in 'Guy Mannering' and *Reuben Butler* in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian'—all three corresponding in profession as in name. Gifford and Glossin, although somewhat alike in patronymic, resemble each other still more in character and the abuse of their common profession. Gifford had an associate in iniquity named 'Jans,' while 'Jans Janson' is the alias assumed by Glossin's accomplice, Dirk Hatterick. Again, we find *Arthur Lord Altham* and *Mr MacMullan* in the history, and *Arthur Melville*, Esquire, and *Mr MacMorlan* in the fiction. *Kennedy* and *Barnes* appear unaltered in each.

A remarkable expression used by one of the witnesses in reference to Annesley—'He is the right heir if right might take place'—has probably served as a hint for the motto of the Bertram family, 'Our right makes our might.'

DIARIES.

THE keeping of Diaries was formerly very general amongst studious men, and even in the more bustling walks of life. It was deemed very curious to be able to tell what was the state of the weather on some particular day several years back, and every place where one had dined abroad for the better part of his life. We remember an old gentleman, who, for half a century, had been in the habit of entering, in a series of small paper books, every guest who came to his house, every considerable purchase which he made, all his journeys and even his walks, and the deaths not only of the members of his household, but of the horses, cows, and dogs. Ashmole, the antiquary, was a formalist of this kind. His diary tells us when his maid, Joan Morgan, died of the small-pox, and when he discharged his man Hobbs. We learn from it how often he had the toothache, and took medicine, how often he was bled with leeches, and what were the consequences of his rubbing the skin near his haunch. He also relates, very faithfully, how he fell ill of a surfeit, 'occasioned by drinking water after venison'—a case, we apprehend, likely to be so very rare, that it would be difficult to see any utility in chronicling it. It must be obvious that such commonplace-books in general were only a means of wasting time. There was a better kind, in which an effort was made to chronicle the state of the mind, with a view to the correction of faults of character. A man, having imposed upon himself the duty of stating as candidly as possible every improper act and thought, felt himself in some measure in the same predicament as if he had been in the priest's confessional-box, and was apt to check evil tendencies, that he might not have the pain of exposing them daily before his own judgment. So at least thought Samuel Johnson, who used to recommend the keeping of such diaries, and to a certain extent followed the practice himself. Perhaps the supposed utility was real in many cases, where the general dispositions were good, and no strongly besetting sin

existed. But, in another class of characters, where the less noble tendencies of our nature are powerfully implanted, it is likely that the self-confession of a diary did not do much to produce reformation. There is an example of the diary of such a person, which was printed and published in 1776, and which shows in a striking manner how the fault might be again and again confessed, and yet the evil still continue. The author was Dr Ruttly, an eminent physician in Dublin, and the writer of some books of good reputation on medical subjects. He appears to have been a thoroughly religious man (of the Society of Friends), but liable to two vices of character, which his best impressions and wishes failed to keep in check. These were—an irritable temper, and a liking for the pleasures of the table. His Diary, which consists of two thick volumes, fully and candidly chronicles his failings on these points during a long course of years, and affords at once an affecting view of the infirmity of human resolutions, and a most singular exposé of the interior of a mind whose outside would probably pass with the world as very estimable. In the extracts which follow, and which are taken from the period between 1753 and 1757 inclusive, each sentence or paragraph is the entry of a day.

"Two sudden transports of passion.
Feasted with moderation.
Mechanically morose.
Perverse without cause.
Indulgence in bed an hour too long.
Twice unbridled cholera.
Brittle on a slight provocation.
Tolerable patience under bad usage.
A transport of anger, in which I struck my servant.
Weak and fretful. Licked spittle in two places; insolent in two others."

Very perverse on fasting.
A little impatient of contradiction.
Feasted a little beyond the holy bounds, and was most righteously chastised by a subsequent sickness and diarrhoea.

The [tobacco] pipe enslaves.
A computation, scarce within the holy bounds; as, indeed, unless one most resolutely seclude himself, it is not easy to keep within them strictly.

Feasting pretty well limited.
Morose: an ebbing time with regard to fees.
Snappish.

On fasting, much discomposed, through some cross events, concluded with feasting scarce innocent.

Very morose. Feasting tolerable.

Very brittle on a very small occasion.

Brittle again.

Patience exercised in the detention of fees.

Scolding too vehemently.

A poor, dull, sickly day; indigestion and cholera.

A hypochondriac obnubilation, from wind and indigestion.

Cross on my servant's deafness. Anger rose too high for want of bridling early.

Ate too much to-day. To eat and drink to live is the point.

Feasted, not innocently, in not refusing the bumper; however, retired soon.

A little ruffled on provocation, though but little eruption in words.

Ate too much; was too cross.

I feasted pretty moderately; but, with this notable difference in solitary and social eating, that in the last I ate more like a swine.

A sudden eruption of ferocity.

Frappish, unrighteously, twice this morning.

On a little neglect and injustice, fretted too much, for want of bridling the first emotions.

Fawning to superiors, insulting to inferiors.

A black evening; a fit of downright anger on a supposed injury, and, for want of timely resisting, it proceeded.

Vexed sorely and inordinately by a call on a hot day.

Doggedness sticks.

Contempt from a patient, and pretty calm under it. Told a lie in haste.

A vexatious message in wet weather, at which I repined unrighteously.

A hasty word, and false to my servant.

Snappish on a call to a child, which, however, I answered.

Feasted beyond bounds.

Inappetent and morbidly peevish, with lassitude and coldness.

An over-dose of whisky.

A dull, cross, choleric, sickish day.

Eleven patients, and not one fee, and my patience abused considerably: I muttered a little.

Oh for more patience, and no snapping!

A sudden disappointment not quite well sustained. A feast again, to my hurt, and some little grief.

Learn to repine less at small evils and flea-bites, thou pitiful Jack-straw!

A little vociferation to a servant.

Vicious complaisance, though in one solitary glass only.

Anger, on importunate and ill-timed teasing for money, cast a gloom on this whole day.

A fierce answer to a tolerably civil question.

Base usage from a patient utterly unworthy of attendance. I resented it enough.

* Our readers will excuse the indelicacy of expression, when they reflect what a fine trait of nature this exhibits.

A sudden recoil, I doubt more than nervous, on a sudden attack from a pauper.

Still snappish.

Choler with cause in the morning, and without cause in the evening.

Horribly dogged and choleric.

Feasted to the utmost bounds.

Sinfully choleric on a slight provocation, for which I am to ask forgiveness to-morrow.

Choler in the morning with little cause, in the afternoon with apparent cause, but amplified by mistake.

Much incensed on a small occasion.

Cross in the morning from fasting, not only mechanically from bile, but immorally.

A little of the beast in drinking.

Feasted a little piggishly.

Anger to a too great degree.

Choler, merely on an unseasonable call from a poor man.

Mechanically dull, listless, and cross.

Dinner—bread, water, and saffron-cakes.

Mechanically, shamefully dogged.

Dogged on a certain rencounter, but soon relented.

Lost a fee pretty contentedly.

Oh my doggishness and snappishness with my servant!

Feasted: idle punning wit not enough discouraged.

Still morose.

I received great contempt from a patient with much patience, whilst smart at home where I had power.

Dogged last night and this morning.

A little swinish at dinner and repast.

Cursed snappishness to those under me, on a bodily indisposition.

On a provocation, exercised a dumb resentment for two days, instead of scolding.

Scolded too vehemently.

Dogged again. Oh my weakness!

Piggish at meals.

Lived to drink; and the headache a most righteous consequence."

CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR.

IN the course of Mr Macgregor's examination in reference to the import duties, he mentioned the following interesting particulars respecting the consumption of sugar. Being asked whether the consumption would be increased if the duty on foreign sugar were lowered, he replied—"The consumption of sugar, taking the whole of this kingdom, is three-quarters of an ounce to every individual a-day: the calculations made when I was at Vienna, and also when I was in Paris, were, that each individual who took coffee or tea twice a day, consumed two ounces and a half, which is more than double the quantity that we have consumed. This is exclusive of all that would be required, and that to a great extent, in the preserving of fruits, and in various other ways, such as home-made wines, pastry, and many other preparations into which sugar enters.

Had you occasion to observe, while you were in Austria, what was the effect of doing away with the monopoly on sugar?—The effect of doing away with the special monopoly was quite extraordinary; in a short space of time it gave more revenue than the whole net customs revenues had previously given.

State what were the circumstances which produced so great an increase to the revenue.—Previously to the time when the trade was opened, which was in 1838, the whole trade of refined sugar in the Austrian dominions was in the hands of a few licensed importers and dealers, who had not only been licensed individually, but had something like an hereditary license given to them by Maria Theresa; under which they had the privilege of importing all their sugars for home consumption, limiting the import alone to this protective importation; the consequence of which was, that they themselves, from want of capital or from other circumstances, could not supply the whole demand for sugar in the country; but they managed under these patents to import an immense quantity, which yielded them enormous profits. The nature of the change was, that the whole sugar trade in the country was thrown open, not only to natives but to foreigners; but there was a protection of 7s. given to them afterwards for the sugar which they actually used in refining; the consequence of which has been, that having reduced the duties upon all foreign sugar from 22 florins per centner of 123 lbs., what they formerly were, to 15 florins, and thrown the trade open, and also reduced the duty upon refined sugar to 18 florins per centner, the revenue has increased and the smuggling diminished, so as to give a net revenue, from sugar alone, greater than the net revenue of the entire customs was before.

Is not the consumption in England, in proportion to the population, greater than in most foreign countries?—It is greater among the opulent portion, but certainly much less among the poorer class.

Has not the consumption of tea and coffee lately extended itself among the middling and poorer classes as a substitute for spirituous liquors?—Yes.

And, therefore, as sugar is a necessary accompaniment to that, is it not, in a moral point of view, very important?—Yes.

Have you ever calculated the amount paid by the consumer for the present monopoly of the sugar market?—The consumer pays, at the present moment, about 50 per cent. in addition.

Column for Little Boys and Girls.
TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

EVERY one may observe how much more happy and beloved some children appear to be than others. There are some you always love to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy. There are others whose society you always avoid. The very expression of their countenances produces unpleasant feelings. They seem to have no friends.

Now, no person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and cannot be satisfied without the opportunity of giving and receiving affection. If we love others, they will love us; and in order to have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. Hence, it is every one's duty to cultivate a cheerful and obliging disposition. It is impossible to be happy without it.

If your companions do not love you, it is your own fault. They cannot help loving you if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is good evidence that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true that a sense of duty may at times render it necessary for you to do that which is displeasing to your companions. But if it is seen that you have a noble spirit; that you are above selfishness; that you are willing to sacrifice your own personal convenience to promote the happiness of others—you will never be in want of friends. You must not regard it as your misfortune, that people do not love you, but your fault. It is not beauty, nor is it wealth, that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract to yourself the esteem and affection of those by whom you are surrounded.

You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon your manifesting an affectionate and obliging disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favours whenever you have an opportunity, you will certainly be surrounded by friends. Begin upon this principle early, and act upon it through life; thus you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all within your influence.

You go to school on a cold winter morning. A bright fire is blazing in the grate, surrounded with boys struggling to get near it to warm themselves. After you get slightly warmed, another school-mate comes in suffering from the cold. "Here, James," you pleasantly call out to him, "I am almost warm; you may have my place." As you move on one side, to allow him to take your place at the fire, will he not feel that you are kind? The worst dispositioned boy in the world cannot help admiring such generosity; and even though he be so ungrateful as to be unwilling to return the favour, you may depend upon it that he will be your friend, as far as he is capable of friendship.

Suppose some day you are out with your companions playing at ball. After you have been playing for some time, another boy comes along. He cannot be chosen on either side, for there is no one to match him. "Henry," you say, "you may take my place a little while, and I will rest." You throw yourself down upon the grass, while Henry, fresh and vigorous, takes your bat and engages in the game. He knows that you gave up to accommodate him. And how can he help liking you for it? The fact is, that neither man nor child can cultivate such a spirit of generosity and kindness, without attracting affection and esteem. Look, and see who of your companions have the most friends, and you will find that they are those who have this noble spirit; who are willing to deny themselves that they may make their associates happy. This is not peculiar to childhood, but is the same in all periods of life.

But persons of ardent dispositions often find it exceedingly difficult to deny themselves. Some little occurrence irritates them, and they speak hastily and angrily. When offended with a companion, they will do things to give pain, instead of pleasure. We must have our tempers under control, if we would exercise a friendly disposition. A bad temper is an infirmity which, if not restrained, will be continually growing worse and worse. There was a man a few years since tried for murder. When a boy, he gave the reins to his passions. The least opposition would rouse his anger, and he made no efforts to subdue it. He had no one who could love him. If he was playing with others, he would every moment be getting irritated. As he grew older, his passions gathered strength, and he became so ill-natured that every one avoided him. One day, as he was walking with another man, he became so enraged at some little provocation, that he seized a club, and with one blow laid the man lifeless at his feet. He was seized and imprisoned. But while in prison, the fury of his spirit increased to such a degree that he became a maniac. Loaded with chains, and immersed in a dark dungeon, he was doomed to pass the miserable remnant of his guilty life. Had he learnt to govern his temper when young, how different might have been his latter end!

Nothing is more common than for a child to destroy his own peace, and to make his brothers and sisters unhappy, by indulging a peevish and irritable spirit. Nor is it an uncommon thing for a child to cherish this disposition until he becomes a man; and then, by his peevishness and fault-finding, he destroys the happiness of all who are near him. His home is the scene of discord. His family are made wretched.

An amiable disposition makes its possessor happy. And if you would have such a disposition, you must learn to control yourself. If others injure you, obey the gospel rule, and do them good in return. If they revile you, speak kindly to them. It is far better to suffer injury than to inflict injury. Resolve that you never will be angry. If your brother or your sister does any thing which has a tendency to provoke you, restrain your feelings, and speak mildly and softly. Let no provocation draw from you an angry or an unkind word. If you will commence in this way, and persevere, you will soon get that control over yourself which will contribute greatly to your happiness. Your friends will increase; and you will be prepared for far more extensive usefulness in the world.

And is there not something noble in being able to be always calm and pleasant? I once saw two men conversing in the streets. One became very unreasonably enraged with the other. In the fury of his anger, he appeared like a madman. He addressed the other in language the most abusive and insulting. The gentleman whom he thus abused, with a pleasant countenance and a calm voice, said to him, "Now, my friend, you will be sorry for all this when your passion is over. This language does me no harm, and can do you no good." Every person who witnessed this interview despised the angry man, and respected the one who was so calm and self-possessed.

Humility is another very important trait of character, which should be cultivated in early life. What can be more disgusting than the ridiculous airs of a vain child? Sometimes you will see a foolish girl tossing her head about, and walking with a mincing step, which shows you at once that she is excessively vain. She thinks that others are admiring her ridiculous airs, when the fact is, they are laughing at her, and despising her. Every one speaks of her as a very simple vain girl. Vanity is a sure sign of a weak mind; and if you indulge in so contemptible a passion, you will surely be the subject of ridicule and contempt.

A boy happens to have rich parents, and he acts as though he supposed that there was some virtue in his father's money which pertained to him. He goes to school, and struts about, as though he was lord of the play-ground. Now, every body who sees this says, it is proof that the boy has not much mind, or he has been badly taught. He is a simple boy. If he had good sense, he would perceive that others of his playmates in many qualities surpass him. The mind that is truly great is humble.

Go into a school-room, and look around upon the appearance of the various pupils assembled there. You will perhaps see one girl, with head tossed upon one shoulder, and, with a smirking countenance, trying to look pretty. You speak to her; and instead of receiving a plain, kind, and honest answer, she replies with voice, and language, and attitude, full of affectation. She thinks she is exciting your admiration; but, on the contrary, you view her with disgust.

You see another girl, whose frank and open countenance proclaims a sincere and honest heart. All her movements are natural. She manifests no desire to attract attention. The idea of her own superiority seems not to enter her mind. You can detect no airs of self-conceit. She is pleasant to all her associates. You ask her some question. She answers you with modesty and pleasure. Now, this girl, without any effort to attract admiration, is beloved and admired. Every one sees that she is a girl of good sense. She is too wise to be vain. She will never be without friends; for this is the character which ensures usefulness and happiness.

Moral courage is a trait of character which you should endeavour to acquire. It requires a bold heart to be ready to do one's duty, unmoved by the sneers of others. There is reason to fear that some persons often do what they know to be wrong, because they are afraid that others will call them cowards if they do right. One cold winter day three boys were passing by a school-house; the oldest was a mischievous fellow, always in trouble himself, and trying to get others into trouble also. The youngest, whose name was George, was a very amiable boy, and wished to do right, but was very deficient in moral courage. We will call the oldest Henry, and the other of the three James. The following dialogue passed between them:—

Henry.—What fun it would be to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door, and make the teacher and scholars all jump!

James.—You would jump too if you did; for if the teacher did not catch you and whip you, he would tell your father, and you would get a whipping then, that would make you jump higher than the scholars, I think.

Henry.—Oh, but we should get so far off before the teacher could come to the door, that he would not know who we are. Here is a snow-ball, as hard as ice, and George would just as soon throw it against the door as not.

James.—Give it to him and see. He would not dare to throw it against the door.

Henry.—Do you think George is a coward then? You don't know him as well as I do. Here, George, take this snow-ball, and show James that you are not such a coward as he thinks you to be.

George.—I am not afraid to throw it. But I do not want to do so. I do not see that it will do any good, or that there will be much fun in it.

James.—There, I told you he would not dare to throw it.

Henry.—Why, George, are you turning coward? I thought you did not fear any thing. We shall have to call you chicken-hearted. Come, save your credit, and throw it. I know you are not afraid.

George.—Well, nor am I afraid. Give me the snow-ball: I would as soon throw it as not.

Whack went the snow-ball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry laughed as heartily as he could to think what a fool he had made of George. George afterwards got a whipping for his folly, as he richly deserved. He was such a coward, that he was afraid of being called one. He did not dare to refuse doing what Henry bid him, for fear he would be laughed at. If he had been really a brave boy, he would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am such a fool as to throw that snow-ball, just because you wish me? You may throw your own snow-balls, if you please."

Henry would perhaps have tried to laugh at him. He would have called him a coward, hoping in this way to induce him to comply with his wishes. But George would have replied, "Do you think that I care for your laughing? I do not think it is right to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door; and I will not do that which I think to be wrong, if the whole town should join with you in laughing."

This would have been true moral courage. Henry would have seen at once that it would do no good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. And you must have this fearlessness of spirit, or you will be continually in trouble, and will deserve and receive contempt.

In things which concern your own convenience merely, you should be as yielding as the air. But where duty is concerned, you should be as firm as the rock. Be ever ready to sacrifice your own comfort to promote the comfort of others. Show that you are ready to do every thing in your power to make those around you happy. Let no one have occasion to say that you are stubborn and unaccommodating.

But, on the other hand, where duty is concerned, let nothing tempt you to do wrong. Be bold enough to do right, whatever may be the consequences. If others laugh at your scruples, let them laugh on as long as they please; and let them see that you are not to be frightened by their sneers. Your courage will often be tried; but remember, that if you would do any good in the world, you must be steadfast in what you know to be your duty. Without possessing this trait of character, no one can become a Christian.—J. S. C. Abbott.

IRELAND BEFORE AND AFTER THE UNION.

In the seven years from 1723 to 1729, the exports from Ireland to Great Britain amounted, according to Sir Charles Whitworth's work, to £2,307,722, whilst in one year, 1829, the amount of goods and live-stock exported from the port of Waterford alone, according to evidence given before the Irish committee, was £2,136,934. In 1801, the aggregate official value of the exports of the produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom from Ireland was £3,350,000, whilst in 1825 it had increased to eight millions and a half. Since 1824, in eggs alone, there have been exported from Dublin only, to the value of £273,000, distributable among the poorer classes.—*Newspaper paragraph.* [A dissolution of the union between England and Ireland, would be attended with the utter ruin of the trade of the latter country.]

CHAMBERS'S

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

In an Octavo form, uniform with the "People's Editions."

Messrs CHAMBERS respectfully announce, that the issue of an EXTENDED and IMPROVED EDITION of the "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE" was commenced on the first Saturday of January 1841, and will continue, at the rate of a sheet every Saturday, till the work is completed. It will consist of 100 sheets, or double the former number, and treat more than double the former number of subjects. The existing articles will be in many instances re-written, and in all so much improved, that the work, considering at the same time its being so much extended, may, without much impropriety, be described as *one altogether new*. The New Series will also have the advantage of an arrangement of subjects in some degree accordant with their natural order, and it will be more extensively illustrated by Wood Engravings. Completed in two volumes, containing 1600 double-columned pages, at the price of *twelve shillings and sixpence*, it will be a COMPREHENSIVE POOR MAN'S CYCLOPEDIA, AND PERHAPS THE MOST STRIKING EXAMPLE YET GIVEN OF THE POWERS OF THE PRESS IN DIFFUSING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

List of Numbers in the New Series, as nearly as it at present can be given.

Astronomy, or System of the Universe. Geology, or Structure of the Earth. Geography—Descriptive and Political. Physical History of Man. Ancient History; Egypt; Arabia Petraea. History of the Jews; Palestine. History of Greece and Rome. History of the Middle Ages. History of Great Britain and Ireland. History of Great Britain and Ireland—continued. History of Great Britain and Ireland—concluded. Constitution and Resources of the British Empire. Description of England. Description of London. Description of Scotland. Description of Ireland. Description of the United States. Emigration to the United States. Emigration to Canada. South America. The West Indies. The East Indies. China. Australia. Van Diemen's Land; New Zealand. The Ocean; Maritime Discovery; Navigation. The Whale; Whale Fisheries. Commerce; Money; Banks. Roads; Canals; Railways. Political Economy. Principles of Civil Government. Laws—History and Nature of Superstitions. Pagan and Mahometan Religions. History of the Bible, and Evidences of Christianity. History of the Church and Religious Denominations. Natural Theology. Private Duties of Life. Public and Social Duties of Life. Life and Maxims of Franklin. Dress; Costumes. Preservation of Health. Proverbs and Old Sayings. Natural Philosophy. Mechanics; Machinery. Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. Meteorology; the Weather. Optics; Acoustics. Ventilation; Lighting; Heating. Electricity and Galvanism. Chemistry. Chemistry applied to the Arts. Zoology; Mammalia. Birds. Fishes. Reptiles. Articulate. Mollusca and Zoophytes. Vegetable Physiology; Botany. Animal Physiology. Phrenology. Logic. Education—Practical Directions on. Principles of Population and Life Insurance. History of Languages; Writing. English Literature; Books. English Grammar. French Grammar. Arithmetic; Interest Tables. Measurement; Land-Surveying. Drawing and Perspective. Painting and Sculpture; Engraving. Art of Printing. Architecture. History of Inventions and Discoveries. The Steam-Engine. Mining; Coal; Salt. Miscellaneous Manufactures. Manufactures of Silk, Cotton, Linen, and Woollen. Agriculture. Dairy Husbandry. Horses and Cattle. Sheep. Dogs. Pigs, Poultry, Pigeons, Cage Birds. Bees. Domestic Economy; Cookery. Kitchen Gardening. Kitchen and Flower Gardening. Trees; Forests; Orchards. Gymnastic Exercises. Out-of-Door Sports. Angling. In-door Amusements. Chronology, &c. &c.

The work is sold in single numbers at 1½d.; and in monthly parts at 7d.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; W. S. ORR and COMPANY, London; W. CURRY, Junr., and Co., Dublin; JOHN MACLEOD, Glasgow; and sold by all booksellers who usually supply Chambers's Journal.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh. Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; J. MACLEOD, Glasgow; and all booksellers.